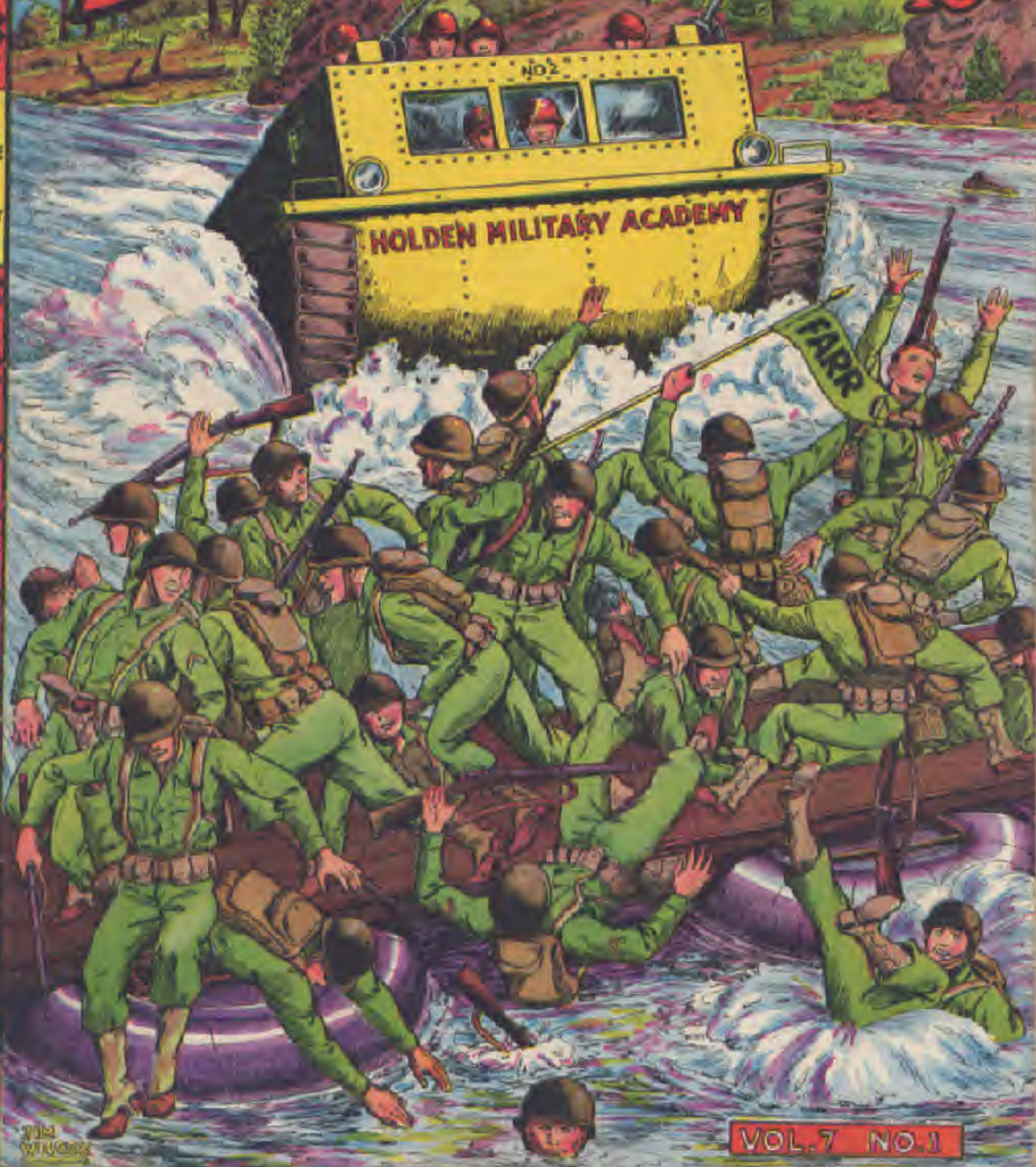


JUNE

BLUE BOLT

10¢



VOL. 7 NO. 1



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

DICK COLE



WITH THE ANNUAL SUMMER MANOEUVRES AGAINST HOLDEN MILITARY ACADEMY APPROACHING, FARR CADETS EAGERLY AWAIT NEWS AS TO WHO IS TO BE THEIR STUDENT COMMANDING OFFICER!

JIM WILCOX—

IT'S A TOSSUP BETWEEN BARK HALL AND YOU, DICK! YOUR MILITARY RATINGS HAVE BEEN NECK AND NECK ALL YEAR!

IF BARK HALL GETS THE JOB, FARR'LL HAVE AN ACE COMMANDER, SIMBA!

HEY! MAJOR FARR IS ABOUT DUE TO MAKE THE ANNOUNCEMENT! LET'S GO!

DICK AND HIS PALS HURRY TO THE ASSEMBLY HALL WHERE THEY MEET BARK HALL AND JED JAXON—



ALL SET FOR THE ANNOUNCEMENT, EH, COLE?

RIGHT YOU ARE, BARK!

I'LL BET YOU DICK COLE WON'T BE THE C.O., SLIP'RY!

MAYBE NOT, BUT YOU'RE SURE TO BE "GENERAL NUISANCE," JAXON!



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Q UESTION No. 1. Are 18 miles more or less than a league?

They
REACH
THE BATTLE
AREA AND
BARK DOES
SPRING A
SURPRISE!



SERGEANT COLE!
FRONT AND
CENTER! I'VE A
SPECIAL MISSION
FOR YOU!

YES, SIR!

GOSH, MAYBE
I'VE GOT
BARK ALL
WRONG!



WE MUST MAKE USE OF
YOUR EXCEPTIONAL TALENTS
SO I'M PUTTING
YOU IN CHARGE
OF A SPECIAL
DETAIL!

GEE! I--
UH--YES,
SIR!



THEY'RE ALL
YOURS,
SERGEANT
COLE!
TAKE 'EM
AWAY!

HOLY COW! THE WORST MISFITS IN
SCHOOL! SLINKY BLACK, SNEAK
AND COWARD! EDDIE BROWN, THE
FAT BOY! SLEEPY ANDREWS, AND
THE TWO YOUNGEST KIDS IN
THE SCHOOL!

HO, HUM! I
COULD USE
FORTY
WINKS!

GOSH,
BUT I'M
HUNGRY!

I DON'T LIKE
MANOEUVRES--
A GUY CAN
GET HURT!



JUST WHAT
DO I DO
WITH THESE
MISFITS?
UH--I MEAN
THIS--UH
DETAIL, S/R?

THEY ARE
RESERVES!
STATION
YOURSELF
TO THE
REAR AND
WAIT FOR
ORDERS!

I GET IT! HALL CULLED
OUT THE MISFITS, PUT
ME IN CHARGE, AND
WE SPEND OUR TIME
IN THE REAR, JUST
TWIDDLING OUR
THUMBS! WHY, THAT
LOW-DOWN JERK!



BARK TURNS
ON HIS KEEL--



DICK LINGERS A MOMENT AS JED
JAYON COMES UP WITH A MAP--

HERE'S THE MAP,
SIR! THE TROOPS
ARE TAKING
POSITIONS AS
INDICATED--

GOOD! LET'S RE-
CHECK! GHQ,
OF COURSE, IS
HERE WITH THE
SWAMP ON OUR
FLANKS AND
REAR!



Eighteen miles are much more than a league.
A lower No. 1.

COMPANIES A AND B ARE DEPLOYING TO THE NORTH IN A FALSE ATTACK WHILE THE ENGINEERS BRIDGE THE LITTLE FARR RIVER AT X! C, D, E COMPANIES ATTACK OVER THE BRIDGE, F COMPANY IS RESERVE!



GOOD!
LET'S
GO!

BARK TURNS AND SEES DICK!

EAVESDROPPING, COLE? YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERS! JUST KEEP OUT OF THE WAY! UH— YOU MIGHT CAPTURE THE HOLDEN ARMY WHILE YOU ARE RESTING!



FLUSHING, DICK TURNS TO HIS DETAIL---

FALL IN!
COME ON--
SNAP
TO IT!

YES,
SIR!

HEY, SLEEPY,
WAKE UP!



DICK LEADS HIS DETAIL AWAY--

CAPTURE THE HOLDEN ARMY! HA, FUNNY, I DON'T THINK! HEY! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!



DICK HALTS HIS MEN AT THE EDGE OF THE SWAMP---

AT EASE! MEN, OUR G.H.Q. IS PLACED SO THE SWAMP PROTECTS IT! I'M GUESSING HOLDEN, ACROSS THE RIVER, HAS DONE THE SAME! WE'RE GOING TO SURPRISE AND CAPTURE THE HOLDEN G.H.Q.!



LISTEN!... GUNFIRE! IT'S THE ATTACK!... TENTION! DOUBLE TIME-- HUP!



MEANWHILE--

YOU SURE
FOOLED 'EM,
BARK!

LISTEN TO THAT FIRING, JED! A AND B COMPANIES ARE SURE POURING IT ON! THAT'S BOUND TO FOOL HOLDEN INTO THINKING IT'S THE MAIN ATTACK!



SIR, THE ENGINEERS HAVE COMPLETED THE BRIDGE ACROSS THE RIVER!

GOOD! LT. JAXON, ORDER COMPANIES C, D AND E TO THE REAL ATTACK OVER THE BRIDGE---

YES, SIR!



BACK
TO
DICK!

COLE, IF I GET
PNEUMONIA,
I'LL SUE YOU!

I NEED
FOOD!

C'MON, GANG!
THIS ISN'T
SO BAD!



OOH! A
SNAKE!

FAT EDDIE TRIES A DETOUR, AND----

SHUT UP! HOLDEN
MAY HAVE SCOUTS
IN THIS SWAMP!

HALP!
HALP!
I'M
TRAPPED!



MAYBE BARK WAS SMART LEAVING THESE
GUYS IN THE REAR--THEY SURE ARE A
LIABILITY! BUT YOU COME, FATTY!



OUCH!

WE'LL HIT THE
LITTLE FARR
RIVER SOON--
AH! MORE SOLID
GROUND!



FELLOWS! I'VE HAD ENOUGH! I'VE
HEARD THERE'S QUICKSAND AROUND
HERE! C'MON, LET'S GO BACK!

SWIFTLY,
DICK
ACTS!

MUTINY, EH? I'M HOLD-
ING YOU OVER A
SINKHOLE! BE A
GOOD SOLDIER
OR IN YOU GO!



DON'T!
DON'T!
I'LL BE
GOOD!

DICK
RELEASES
SLINKY AND--

WE'RE WITH
YOU, DICK!

IF YOU GUYS
ARE FARR
MEN, PROVE
IT NOW!

AW, ALL
RIGHT!
WE'LL
GO
ALONG!

LET'S GET
THIS OVER--
I WANNA
TAKE A
NAP!



A NEWER
Malaria is called swamp fever.

WE RETURN TO POSITION "X" WHERE FARR ENGINEERS HAVE JUST FINISHED THE BRIDGE ACROSS THE LITTLE FARR RIVER... BARK HALL SCANS THE OPPOSITE SHORE....

COMPANY C IS ABOUT TO CROSS THE BRIDGE, BARK!

NO SIGNS OF HOLDEN MEN ACROSS THE RIVER! ALL THEIR FORCES MUST BE MEETING THE FAKE ATTACK UP STREAM!



BUT HIDDEN ON THE OPPOSITE SHORE--

INFORM HQ THE BRIDGE IS FINISHED AND THE MAIN ATTACK IS ABOUT TO COMMENCE!

YES, SIR!



HERE THEY COME! FARR'S FALLING INTO OUR TRAP!



MEANWHILE, UPSTREAM DICK AND HIS MEN SWIM THE STREAM--UNNOTICED--

WELL, WE CROSSED THE RIVER UNDETECTED, AND WE ARE NOW IN ENEMY TERRITORY!

OH, GOSH, MORE SWAMP TO GO THROUGH!

WISH I HAD AN APPLE PIE!



DICK, I KNOW THERE IS QUICKSAND SOMEWHERE AROUND HERE!

RIGHT! I'M CLIMBING A TREE TO GET MY BEARINGS!



YEOW! I DON'T SEE SIGNS OF QUICKSAND BUT, THERE IS HOLDEN GHQ! I'LL HAVE TO GET CLOSER TO SEE WHAT'S WHAT!



DICK DESCENDS TO HIS MEN....

HOLDEN HEADQUARTERS ARE NOT 200 YARDS AWAY! FRED AND BOB, COME WITH ME, WE'RE SCOUTING AHEAD--THE REST OF YOU SIT TIGHT!



AND AT HOLDEN GHQ?

COLONEL JACKS, THE FARR INFANTRY IS CROSSING THE BRIDGE!



GOOD! GIVE THE ORDERS FOR PLAN R22!

CAPT. WHITE! TAKE THE HEADQUARTERS COMPANY TO THE BRIDGEHEAD, AND HELP CAPTURE ALL FARR MEN WHO HAVE CROSSED OVER... PLAN "R22" WILL SPLIT THEIR FORCES AND WE'LL CLEAN 'EM UP IN DETAIL!

OH, BOY! HOLDEN H.Q. IS BEING CLEARED OF ALL BUT COLONEL DALE JACKS AND TWO AIDES! FRED, RUN BACK AND BRING UP THE REST OF THE BOYS--HERE'S OUR CHANCE!

And
IN THE
MEANTIME,
DICK AND THE
TWO BOYS HAVE
WORMED THEIR
WAY TO WITHIN
30 YARDS OF THE
HOLDEN GHQ!

BUT SLINKY BLACK IS UP TO NO GOOD!

I DON'T WANNA
FIGHT! LET'S
SCRAM! WE'LL
SAY WE GOT
LOST!

I WANT
A NAP!
LET'S
GO!

YEAH! MAY
BE WE CAN
FIND SOME
BERRIES
TO EAT!

THE THREE DESERTERS,
SCURRYING AWAY, GO
BUT A SHORT DISTANCE,
WHEN--

YEOW!
QUICKSAND!

HELP! I'M
SINKING!
HELP!

HALP! HALP!
WE'LL DIE!
AOW!

THE FRANTIC CRIES REACH
THREE HOLDEN SCOUTS--

HEY, GUYS!
SOMEBODY'S
IN REAL
TROUBLE!
LET'S HELP!

OKAY! BUT IT
MAY BE A
TRAP SO WATCH
THE OLD STEP!

GOOD GRIEF! IT'S
QUICKSAND!

HERE, YOU, GRAB
THIS GUN, QUICK!

DON'T STRUGGLE!
YOU'LL SINK
DEEPER!

OOH!
I'M
SCARED!

WELL, FARRS, YOU'RE PRISONERS-- WE'RE TAKING YOU TO THE C.O.!

HO, HUM! TAKE ME TO A BUNK!

GOOD! WHEN DO YOU HAVE MESS?

AND FROM A NEAR-BY BUSH!

FRED REPORTS

HUM-M! THAT LEAVES BUT THREE OF US-- BUT-- WITH SURPRISE ON OUR SIDE-- KIDS, YOU GAME TO JUMP HOLDEN GHQ?

OKAY BY ME!

YOU BET!

OOH! SLINKY, ED AND SLEEPY ARE CAPTURED-- GEE? I GOTTA GET BACK TO DICK AND TELL HIM-- QUICK!

Meanwhile

PLAN "R22" IS OPERATING, AND BARK'S DREAM OF A QUICK VICTORY IS BEING SHATTERED AS TWO "ALLIGATOR" BOATS BEAR DOWN ON THE CROWDED BRIDGE, OUT OF NOWHERE!

BARK, LOOK! THEY ARE GOING TO SMASH THE BRIDGE!

GOSH! HALF OUR FORCE IS ON THE OTHER BANK! THEY'LL ALL BE CAPTURED! JED, WE'RE LICKED!

GOOD GRIEF! THEY'LL SMASH US!

JUMP! QUICK!

HALP!

LEMME OUT O' THIS!

BUT AT THE CRUCIAL MOMENT, THE COMMANDER OF THE LEADING BOAT RECEIVES A PECULIAR MESSAGE--

"PLUM JAM! CHANGE OF PLANS! FARR TRAP! TURN BACK IMMEDIATELY! REPORT TO BASE! PLUM JAM! PLUM JAM!"

WHAT THA--? THE CORRECT PASS-WORD AND FREQUENCY! THE MESSAGE MUST BE OKAY! I'LL--BE--DARNED!

AND ON SHORE--

YIPPEE! THEY'RE RETREATIN'! SOMETHING'S SNAFU-- BUT WHO CARES? THEY'RE RETREATING! WOWEE!

AND WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THESE PECULIAR ORDERS? WE RETURN TO HOLDEN HEADQUARTERS AND--DICK--

ALL RIGHT, KIDS, YOU TWO TAKE THE SERGEANT. I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE OTHER TWO! SET? LET'S GO!

O-KAY!



The SURPRISE IS COMPLETE--AND THE ATTACK IS HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL!

GIVE UP, SARGE?

WHA--WHAT HIT--ME?

OKAY, JACKS--SURRENDER!



QUICKLY, THE PRISONERS ARE BOUND TO TREES--

COLE! THIS'LL DO YOU NO GOOD--WE GOT YOU LICKED! IN JUST THREE MINUTES OUR BOATS'LL SMASH YOUR BRIDGE AND THE FARR MEN ON THIS SIDE WILL BE CAPTURED! HOLDEN WILL WIN!



BOATS? BRIDGE? MOST INTERESTING! FRED GIVE ME THE WALKY-TALKY--AND THAT CODE BOOK!



A STREAM OF CONFLICTING ORDERS FROM THEIR OWN HEADQUARTERS SO DEMORALIZES THE HOLDEN FORCES, THAT FARR WINS THE BATTLE WITH EASE!

A COMPANY, RETREAT!
PLUM JAM--SURRENDER!
B COMPANY, CHARGE!
A COMPANY--ADVANCE!
D COMPANY--
HOLD FAST
B COMPANY
TO XA?



THE BATTLE WON, BARK STRUTS INTO HOLDEN HQ!

WHY, JACKS! YOU'RE A PRISONER! COLE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

COLE MERELY SAVED YOU FROM COMPLETE DEFEAT, HALL!



THE NEXT DAY!

THIS ABOUT KILLS ME, BUT I HAVE TO DO IT--SO--

ATTENTION! FOR EXTRA-ORDINARY VALOR, DICK COLE, FRED JOHNS AND ALLEN WHITE ARE HEREBY OFFICIALLY COMMENDED!



ANSWER No. 4. That is a pontoon bridge.

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Scales or Exercises . . .
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FEARLESS FELLERS

by
JOE DONOHUE



**FOR SENSATIONAL DETECTIVE TALES
READ YOUNG KING COLE**



GEE, I CAN
HARDLY WAIT!
WE HAVE TO
SEE HIM!

WEDNESDAY
Tyler
person!



WE'RE GONNA
SEE HIM!
WE'LL MEET
HIM AT THE
STATION!

WE CAN
WEAR OUR
COWBOY
SUITS, AND
BORROW
FARMER BLESER'S
OLD HORSE!



WE CAN BRING
OUR FEARLESS
FELLERS BAND!



THEY HURRY TO THE CLUB HOUSE--

THAT'S GREAT!
BUCK TYLER WILL
LIKE OUR
WESTERN MUSIC!

COME ON!
WE HAVE TO
PRACTICE UP!



THEY REHEARSE--

IT'S GOOD-- BUT IT
STILL DOESN'T SOUND
LIKE "HOME ON THE
RANGE!"

OH, WELL, WE
HAVE ALL
WEEK TO
PRACTICE!



SATURDAY FINALLY ARRIVES--

HURRY UP,
MAGGIE!

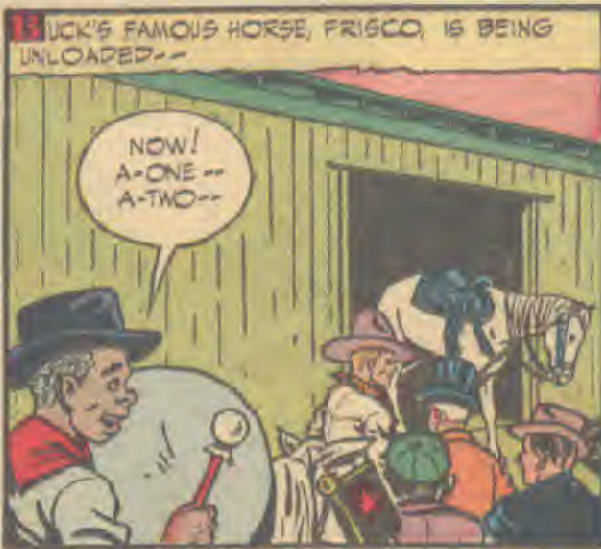
--THE TRAINS
COMIN' IN NOW!



THERE HE IS OVER THERE
WITH THE MAYOR!

LET'S GET CLOSER
BEFORE WE
START TO PLAY!

QUESTION No. 5. What Hollywood cowboy owns a horse named "Trigger"?







THE VANISHING CLUE

By SETH HARMON

SPECS MARTIN had been hired to dust the exhibits and run errands at the museum, which was open only on Saturdays. That's why, when he started playing detective, the museum director was so annoyed.

"Of course some of those old inscriptions rub off!" he scolded. "That's why I told you to be extra careful when you dust them. But as for finding secret messages—well, spies and gangsters don't hang out in a museum!"

Specs blinked and went back to work. But he didn't wear glasses for nothing. He *knows* those Greek letters weren't printed around the top of that big stone vase when he dusted it the first time.

Besides, Specs didn't like the looks of the leathery-faced old codger who had suddenly acquired a great interest in Greek antiques. One Saturday, he came to view the exhibits alone. On the next Saturday, he brought several rough-looking pals.

Specs copied the phony inscription on a piece of paper and studied it thoughtfully. The letters were Greek all right. But what did they mean? He blundered onto the answer after he noticed that the first two letters looked like the figure 2.

"That's it!" he gloated. "It starts with 22. It must be an address or something!" It wasn't long then until he figured it out as "22 Poe St."

Specs decided to look at

the place by himself. He made his visit that Saturday night about midnight.

Poe Street was a narrow alley near the wharves. All the houses looked dark and vacant. Specs flashed his light on Number 22 and tried the door cautiously. It was locked.

Next door, at Number 20, the boy had better luck. The door hung loose on one hinge. Specs crept in and climbed the stairs. Peering out across a narrow court between the houses, he saw a crack of light around a shaded window. He leaned out and heard these snatches of conversation:

"Whose job was this, yours or mine?"

"Cut the gab. Where's my divvy?"

"You'll get yours when we finish with the fence."

Presently the light went out and heavy footsteps sounded on the stairs next door. Specs waited a while, then hurried home. He wanted to tell the police, but he wasn't sure. These fellows *might* be crooks, or they might be plumbers.

First thing next Saturday, Specs wiped off the letters on the vase. Then he waited to see who might notice the change. Toward noon, an old lady came in, carrying a knitting bag.

"Looking for something, lady?" he burst out at her from behind. The old lady was so startled she dropped her bag. From the metallic thud it made, it *might* have contained a kit of burglar's tools. Specs reached for the

bag, but the old lady grabbed it first.

"Toys for my grandchildren," she smiled sweetly.

"You might have checked them at the desk," Specs suggested. "You won't enjoy your tour through the museum, carrying so many—er—toys."

"Oh, I'm not making a tour," the lady replied hastily. "Just looking around at these pretty things. Think I'll examine those vases over yonder."

Specs pulled a piece of gray chalk out of his pocket. When the old lady turned her back, he copied the crude letters around the top of the stone vase again. When her eyes lighted on the phony inscription, it wasn't long before she hotfooted it in the direction of Poe Street.

At last Specs was sure his clue was genuine. He ran right out and called the police.

Specs's face grinned from the front page of the *City Herald* that evening. The boy had uncovered the hide-out of the worst shoplifting ring in the state. He even identified the old lady and helped police find the bag full of jewelry she had brought from upstate for the local gang to dispose of. The ring did all its communicating through museums and libraries to avoid detection.

"I wish I knew how the boy did it!" the museum director sighed afterward. But he spoke too late. The clue had already disappeared in Specs Martin's dustcloth.

BLUE BOLT

THE AMERICAN



A WILD GOOSE CHASE
CHANGES INTO A ROUSING
ADVENTURE WHEN BLUE
BOLT GETS ON THE
TRAIL OF A MEAK,
MILD LITTLE MAN WITH
A DEADLY TRIGGER FINGER!

SINCE THAT BLUE
BOLT LUG STARTED
WORKING FOR
"GLIMPSES" WE
HAVEN'T HAD A
SCOOP! WHAT'S
WRONG, MARG?

SORRY,
BOSS!
BLUE
BOLT'S HAD
SOME
GOOD
BREAKS!

I WANT PICTURES, NOT
EXCUSES! HOP OUT TO
THE AIRPORT AND COVER
THE ARRIVAL OF THE
MAHARAJAH OF
REENA!

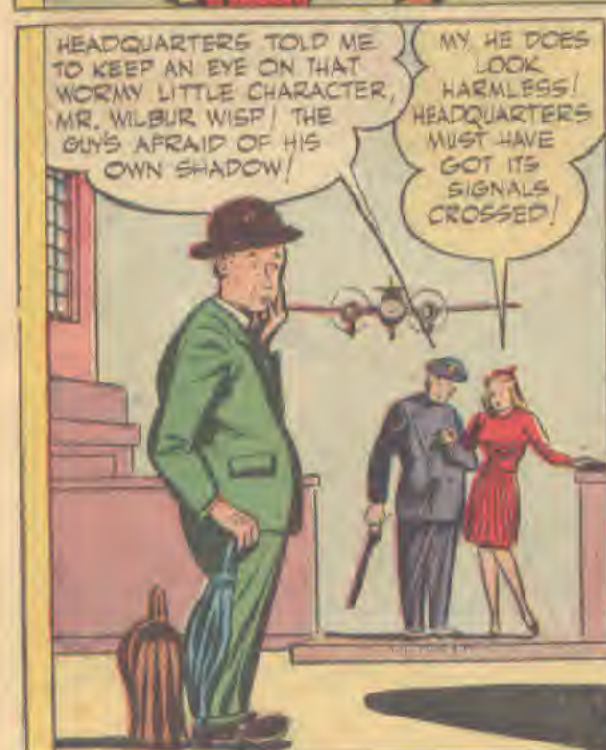
YES,
BOSS!

AND TRY
GETTING AN
EXCLUSIVE
STORY--
FOR A
CHANGE!

HMMM... GETTING
BLUE BOLT OUT OF
THE PICTURE WILL
TAKE PLENTY OF
TRYING-- BUT I
MUST DO IT!

GLOBAL
PICTURE
SYNDICATE

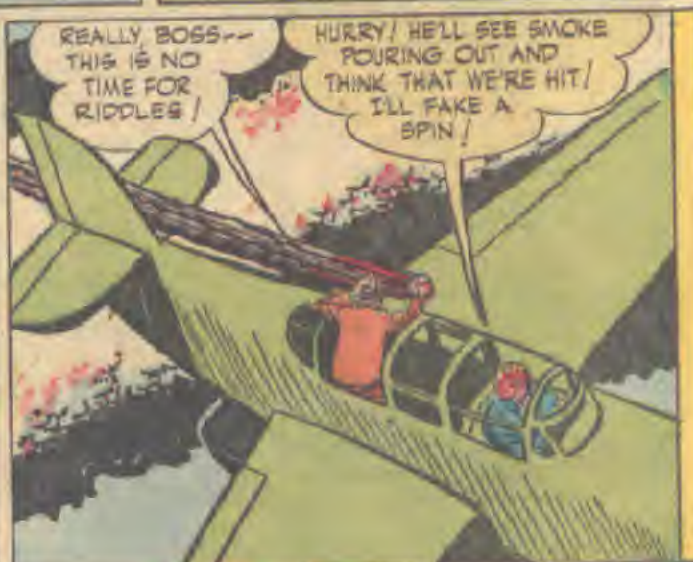
LIKE WHODUNIT?? READ YOUNG KING COLE!





SECONDS LATER, BLUE BOLT ROARS THE "GLIMPSES" PLANE DOWN THE RUNWAY!





A MOMENT LATER --



QUESTION No. 2 Did David use a bean shooter to slay Goliath?

OW! WHAT A
DIVE! MY STOMACH'S
BOUNCING AGAINST
MY KNEES!

STEADY SNAP!
NOW COMES THE
DANGEROUS
PART!

LIE BOLT SKILLFULLY GLIDES TO A NOISELESS
LANDING IN A NEAR-BY FIELD!

THAT CABIN MUST
BE THEIR
HEADQUARTERS!

EASY WITH THE
CAMERA,
SNAP UNTIL
WE SEE WHAT
THE SETUP
IS!

WE AIN'T
SATISFIED,
WILBUR!

WHY NOT?
THERE'S
THIRTY GRAND
-- NOBODY CAN
GET MORE FOR
THOSE STOLEN
JEWELS!

LOOK-- OUR
RACKET IS
STEALIN'
JOOLEY! YOUR
RACKET IS
UNLOADIN'
IT FOR
US!

YEAH! YA GOT
SUCH A STOOPID,
INNOCENT
FACE WE
THOUGHT NOBODY
WOULD EVER
SUSPECT
YA!

O BOY! I
GOTTA GET
THIS!

BUT NOW YOU'RE
GETTIN' IN TROUBLE--
SHOOTIN' DOWN
AIRPLANES! SOMEBODY
MUST BE CATCHIN'
WISE!

LOOK! A
CAMERA!

SPIES!
GET 'EM!



READ THE NEW DETECTIVE COMIC YOUNG KING COLE!

BOITRAY THE BOIGLAR

By Art Hefant



WHO IS THE CHAMELEON?
READ TARGET COMICS



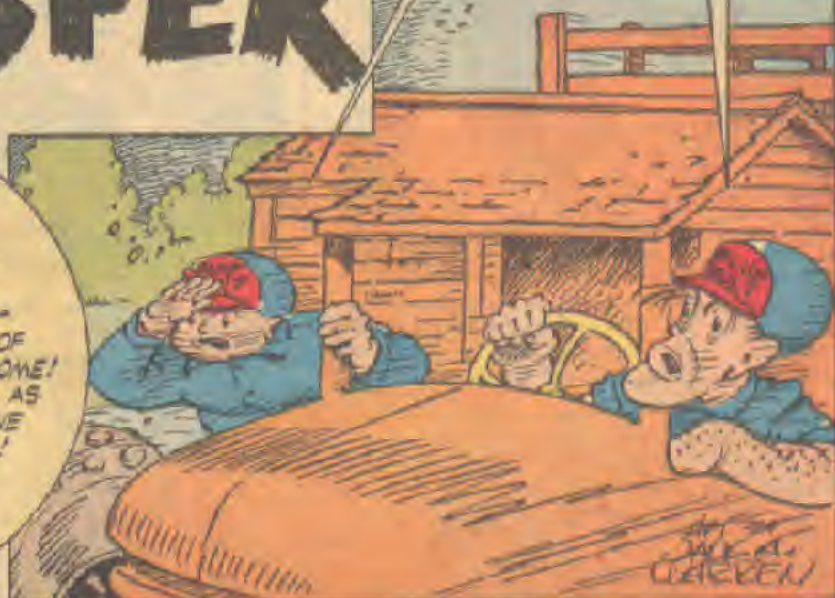
HOMER K. BEAGLE, SUPER SLEUTH, CAN BE FOUND IN YOUNG KING COLE MAGAZINE

KRISKO AND JASPER

BEING GENTLEMEN
OF THE ROAD, OUR BOYS
NEVER COULD LEAVE
DAMSELS IN DISTRESS--
EVEN THOUGH THEIR KIND OF
HELP ISN'T ALWAYS WELCOME!
MEET FLOSSIE AND BUSIE AS
THEY AND THE BOYS HAVE
A PICNIC ON THE LAKE!

BRAKE 'ER
DOWN, JASPER!
THAR'S A
COW ON
THE ROAD!

COW!!!
---WHY YOU
COCKEYED APE!
THAT THAR'S
A GIRL!



WHAD' I TELL YER?
IT'S A GIRL, AIN'T IT?
--SHE WANTS US
T'STOP!

LOOKS LIKE TWO
GIRLS! THAR'S
ANOTHER ONE BY
THE CAR-- THEY
MAKES THREE!



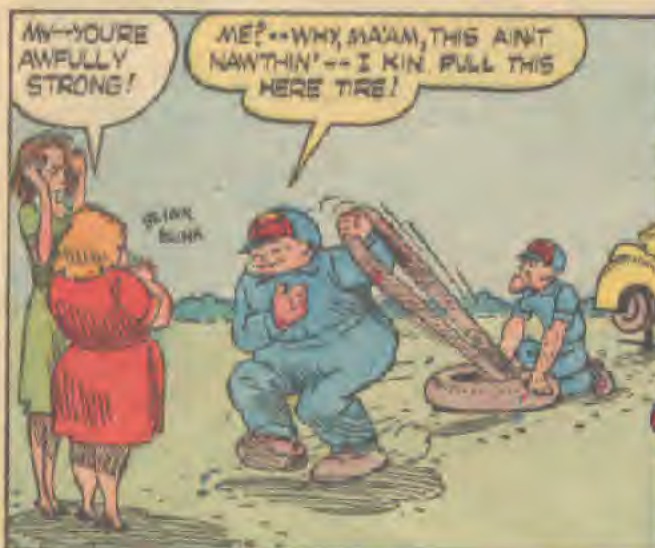
AT YOUR SERVICE,
MA'AM!

OH! THANK
GOODNESS!

WHEW!



LIKE DETECTIVE THRILLERS?
READ YOUNG KING COLE



BUT DESPITE THESE LITTLE DIFFICULTIES, THE BOYS FINALLY CRASH THROUGH— WITH A PERFECT JOB!

WE'D LOVE TO HAVE YOU BOYS COME WITH US ON OUR PICNIC!

WHY, SURE! WE GOT JUST TONS OF FOOD!

FOOD! LET'S GO, JASPER!



SPEAKIN' O' FLAT TIRES, MA'AM—MY FRIEND AIN'T MUCH SOCIALLY!

SHORE'S NICE T'HAVE A GIRL SITIN' THERE 'STEAD O' THET FUNNY LOOKIN' POTNER O' MINE!



I WAS JUS' THINKIN' HOW HAN'SOME KRISKO WAS! I BET HE'LL GO FOR MY CHOCOLATE CAKE!

HUH?



AT THE LAKE—IT SEEMS THE BOYS HAVE CHANGED POTNERS---

YOU TWO SEE ABOUT THE BOAT, AND KRISKO 'N I 'LL HANDLE THE FOOD!

SHE LOOKS SEAWORTHY TIME!

I'LL DO NO'EN HANDLE IT, FLOSSE!



AM I ALL RIGHT, HERE?

GOSH, MA'AM, YOU MAKE IT LOOK LIKE AN OUT-BOARD DOIN' SIXTY!

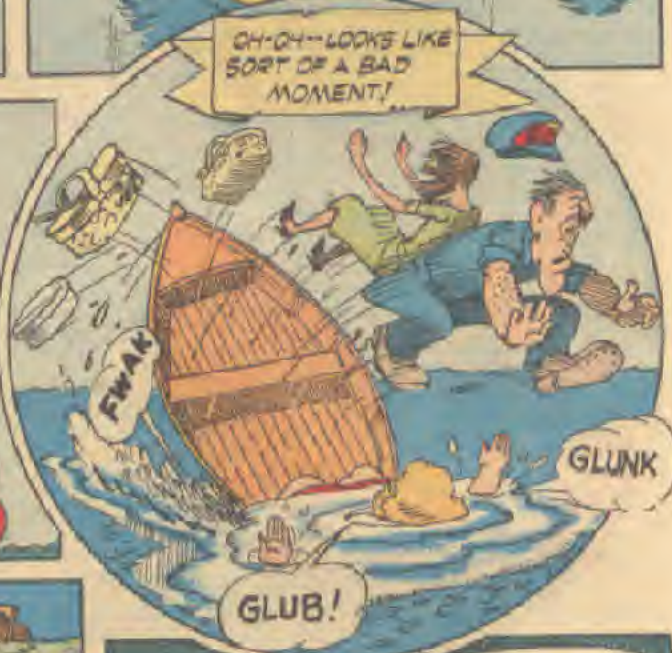


OH, HOW THRILLING! YOU MUST BE SEAFARING MEN!

WE ALL SET T'SHOVE OFF?

YEH, BUT DON'T NOBUDDY BREATHE TOO DEEP! WE'RE DOWN T' TH' GUNNELS!





Q UESTION No. 70. Does cork come from a tree, marine growth or a quarry?

WITH MANY A SIGN OF THANKSGIVING, THE PARTY REACHES THE ISLAND! -- WHAT A WAY TO START A PICNIC!



AH--

MADE IT!-- THANKS TO FLOSSIE! GASP!

LOOOO-OK! THE WATER'S CLIMBING UP ON US!

WAL, I'LL BE! THIS AIN'T NO ISLAND-- IT'S A SAND BAR!



YOU BOYS'LL HAVE TO SAVE US AGAIN! HOW EXCITING!

WUT'S EXCITIN' ABOUT A NOSEFUL O' WATER--? DIVE IN, FOLKS!



WE DERN WELL GOTTA MAKE IT! THAR GOES OUR ISLAND!

AN' THAR GOES OUR FOOD BASKET!

OH---MY CHOCOLATE CAKE! -- MY HAM SANDWICHES!

MIGAWSH!



SO QUICK AS THEY CAN SAY "SIRLOINS RARE," THE FOURSOME'S DIGGING IN!

THIS SHORE BEATS PICNICKIN ANY TIME!

YEH--REMNED ME NEXT TIME-- JUS' LOOK FER THE NEAREST STEAKHOUSE!

M-MMM-- M-MMM!



WHICH ISN'T A BAD WAY TO END A DAY IN THE COUNTRY! STAND BY TO JUMP ON THE OL' KRISKO 'N JASPER MOVIN' VAN NEXT ISSUE! 'CAUSE THE BOYS ARE MOVIN' ON!

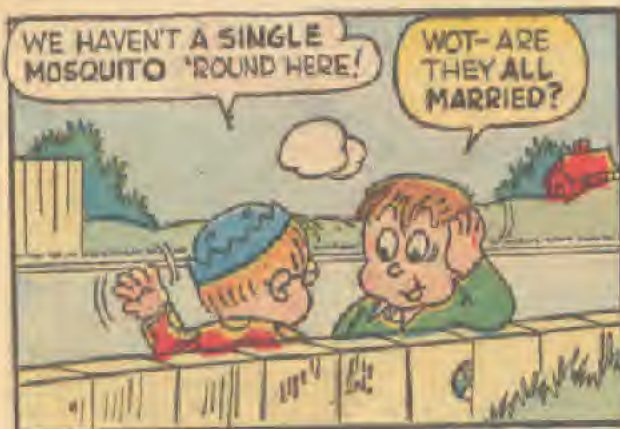
CAN'T SAY WE DIDN'T WORK UP NO APPETITE!

LOOK!-- THAR'S WHERE WE SHOULDA GONE IN TH' FIRST PLACE!



THE T-BONE INN





WE HAVEN'T A SINGLE MOSQUITO 'ROUND HERE!

WOT- ARE THEY ALL MARRIED?



HOW COME YER SHIRT IS SO FULL OF HOLES?

WE WERE PLAYIN' GROCERY STORE- 'N I WUZ TH' SWISS CHEESE!!



WOT D'YA MEAN, THERE WUZ ONE THING THAT KEPT YER BROTHER FROM FINISHIN' COLLEGE, HUH??

-NOT FINISHIN' HIGH SCHOOL!!

?

IT'S CHEWY... IT'S DELICIOUS... IT'S ONLY A PENNY
FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM



DUBBLE BUBBLE IS THE BERRIES!

LETTUCE GO OUT AND GET SOME. IT'S THE BEST-TASTING CHEWIEST GUM!

DUBBLE BUBBLE BEETS ALL FOR SIZE... AND IT ONLY COSTS A CENT!

I'VE BEAN SAYING THAT ALL THE TIME!

SCENT IS RIGHT. YOU SURE KNOW YOUR ONIONS!

YESSIR, IT'S DOGGONE GOOD GUM!

AND FLEER'S CANDY COATED GUM IS THE CAT'S WHISKERS, TOO!

AND I KNOW THAT DUBBLE BUBBLE COMES WRAPPED IN A SHEET OF FUNNIES!

FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM

Sergeant Spook

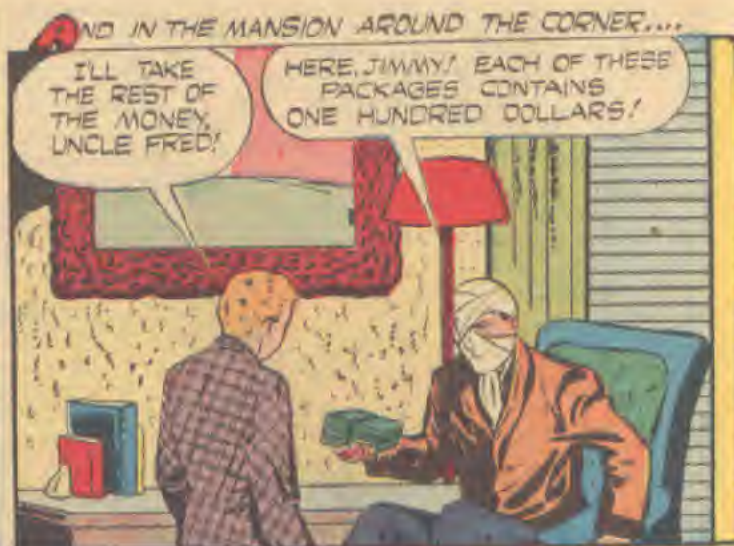


FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF
GARY STARK IN TARGET COMICS



AS THE BOY PULLS AWAY FROM JERRY--











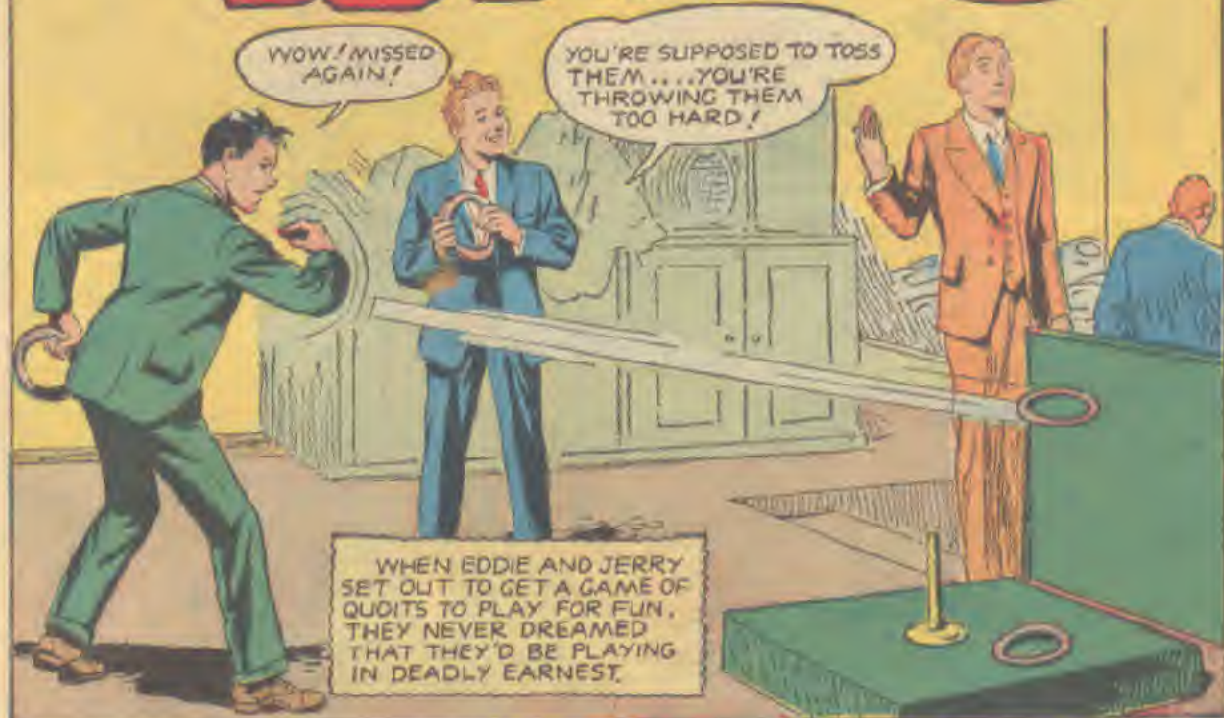
SNIFFY

by

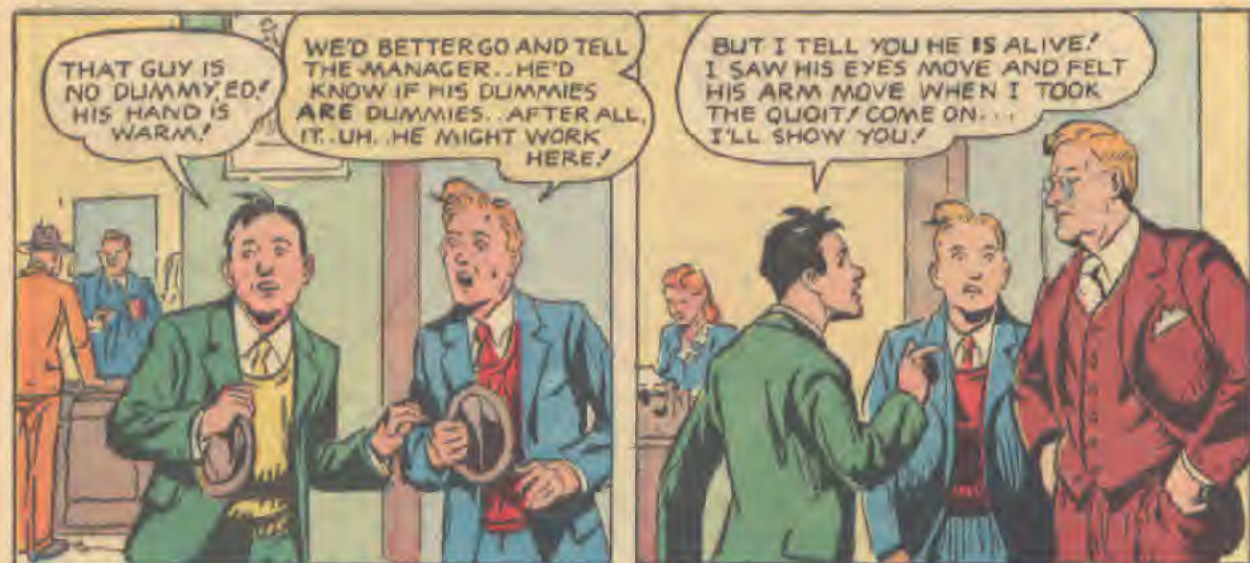


FOR THE NEWEST AND BEST COMIC
ENTERTAINMENT READ HUMDINGER

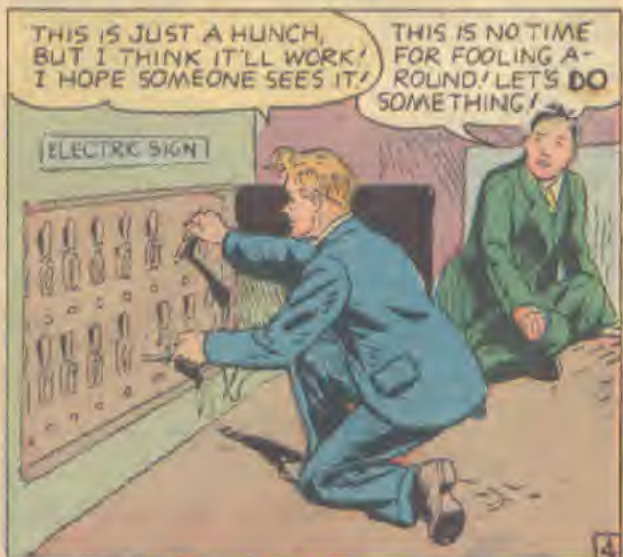
Edison Bell



FOR THE VERY BEST IN COMICS
READ HUMDINGER MAGAZINE







MEANWHILE, ON THE STREET...

CHELLANS EMPORIUM

HEY, LOOK AT THE SIGN ON CHELLAN'S! H-E-L-P!

SOMETHING IS WRONG! LET'S GO, CLANCY!

CHELLANS EMPORIUM

THERE IT GOES AGAIN! C-E-L-L-A-R! COME ON THE ENTRANCE IS AROUND ON THE SIDE!

MEANWHILE, IN THE BASEMENT...

SOMEONE SENT A MESSAGE WITH THE ELECTRIC SIGN! THE COPS WILL BE HERE ANY MINUTE!

OKAY, YOU GUYS, YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!

GET 'IM CLANCY!

CATCH THIS FLATFOOT! FROM NOW ON YOU'LL MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS!

RINGER! THIS IS THE BEST GAME OF QUOITS I EVER PLAYED!

GOOD SHOT! GOT ONE!

THE STORE MANAGER HAS BEEN SENT FOR...

YOU WERE RIGHT, BOYS! THE CROOKS POSED AS DUMMIES UNTIL CLOSING TIME! I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU!

FORGET IT, SIR! SEEING THOSE MEN LOCKED UP IS ENOUGH FOR US!

FORGET IT, SIR... HAH! WE COULD HAVE HAD ANYTHING WE WANTED, YOU DUNCE!

MAYBE... BUT THEN WE'D HAVE BEEN PAID OFF, CATCH! THIS WAY WE'LL HAVE THE RUN OF THE DEPARTMENT STORE FROM NOW ON IN!

MAKE AND PLAY THESE INDOOR RINGER GAMES

By Ray Gill

INDOOR "HORSE SHOES" IS A VERY POPULAR ACTION GAME TO PASS A PLEASANT EVENING WITH FRIENDS OR TO WHILE AWAY THE HOURS ON A RAINY AFTER-NOON. WHAT'S MORE - IT'S FUN TO MAKE BECAUSE IT'S SO SIMPLE!

HOW TO MAKE THE RINGS

AN EXTREMELY EASY WAY TO MAKE VERY SUITABLE RINGS, OR "ROPE HORSESHOES" IS TO TAKE FOUR OR FIVE LOOPS OF CLOTHES LINE - ABOUT SIX INCHES IN DIAMETER - AND BIND THEM TOGETHER WITH ELECTRICIAN'S WIRE OR ADHESIVE TAPE.



HERE IS THE SIMPLEST POSSIBLE TARGET. MAKE TWO.



LOOP CLOTHES-LINE...



BIND ENDS FIRST...



WIND TAPE AROUND ROPE IN SPACED SPIRAL AND CUT OFF.

MAKE THESE RINGER GAME BOARDS

MAKE YOUR TARGET BOARD OR BOARDS ANY SHAPE YOU WISH. JUST DRILL HOLES AND INSERT SHORT WOOD DOWELS.



PEGS CLOSE ENOUGH FOR DOUBLE RINGERS.



YOU BASEBALL FANS CAN REALLY MAKE A COMPLICATED SCORING GAME OUT OF THE ABOVE BOARD. OTHERWISE, TAKE ONE POINT FOR "HOME," TWO FOR SECOND, THREE FOR THIRD AND FIVE FOR "HITTING" THE PITCHER. SET BOARD ON FLOOR.



HANG OR LEAN AGAINST WALL.

SOMETHING FOR THE WORLD

By K. W. FITCH

"THE hum of a thousand bees; the moaning of the wind!" the Maestro exclaimed. "But more powerful, the song of a great steel saw against the sinews of a pine!"

Billy stopped short in the middle of a measure, a frightening thought racing in his mind.

"Mike expects me at the mill and I forgot!"

"Ha," said the Maestro, "fingers that play such music go playing with machinery!"

"It's not bad to help Mike. Old friends, customers Mike had before he closed the shop and joined the army, bring him work to do. It helps him to forget, makes him *think* he is just as useful!"

Mike Devon had taken the sample of the small molding, had grinned with assurance at Ed Critten, the builder. "Doc won't let me run the shaper yet, but Billy will do it as soon as he gets here! Billy's clever. Only sixteen and he can do anything in this shop I can!"

Yet as the afternoon wore on Mike grew more anxious each minute.

"It's that darn fiddle of Billy's," he mumbled.

At four o'clock Mike could stand the delay no longer. He began grinding cutters. By four-thirty the knives were ready and Mike began balancing one blade against another to give the molder evenness in running. By five the machine was set up.

Billy, outside the shop, heard the hum of the motor, recognized, too, the high-pitched scream of wood against spinning blades. He broke into a run.

Billy burst into the shop just as the accident happened. He rushed to Mike who stood dazed. The shaper whirled on, singing proudly of its achievement. Billy cried, "Mike! Mike! Why did you do it? I'll call Doc!"

In the days and nights that followed Mike grew morbid and reproachful. As each pain shot through his hand he winced in a way that almost broke Billy's heart.

Billy Devon gave up his music lessons. He gave up high-school. He took over the mill. But Mike, battle weary veteran that he was, took it hard and gave up hope.

The doctor said, "Billy, it's tough on a kid like you, but if you can't bring Mike out of his shell the shock to his system is going to kill him."

Then infection set in and for Billy the house gradually became a torture chamber, a morgue whose silence was broken only by Mike's cries of pain.

One night Mike went into a sort of stupor, a restless mumbling stupor, and Billy, frightened and cowering, waited for the worst, knew that Mike was going to die.

Suddenly and without reason Billy took the violin from its case, began to play,

lost himself in the mood of the singing strings. He forgot about Mike and the pain Mike suffered, failed to notice that Mike grew silent on the bed, failed to hear the light knock on the door.

Only after he had finished did Billy see the Maestro and a stranger in the living room.

"I—I couldn't help playing, Maestro," he said.

"Of course not, Billy," the Maestro said. "I have brought Mr. Benes to hear you. He wants to finance a concert tour for you."

For just a moment Billy's face brightened. Then he shook his head. "No," he said.

There was a movement in the darkness of the bedroom.

Mike stood erect in the doorway; a grin was spread over his face.

"You're going to go on the tour, Billy!"

"No, Mike!" Billy cried. "I must look after you!"

"You have, kid. Somehow you told me with that darn fiddle! You made bees buzz and the wind moan! And the mill came to life! It gave *me* life, Billy. Somehow I knew right then I would get well. I knew I would be running the mill so you could run your own darn saw box!"

"Oh, Mike!" Billy cried. "If my violin could do that for you!"

"It did," said Mike. "And I can't be selfish. You have something for the world—Go to it, kid!"

DINK

by
O. NIT
HAMMER

GEE, IF I HAD 10¢, I COULD GO
'N HAVE SOME FUN!
HUH, SWIPES??

CARNIVAL
5 DAYS
HAVE
FUN!
VISIT THE
FUN HOUSE!
10¢ ADMISSION.

MAYBE I COULD SNEAK IN
WHEN NOBODY'S LOOKIN'!
NO HARM IN TRYIN', I SAY!!

CARNIVAL
GROUNDS

OH, BOY! THERE'S ONLY ONE
GUY WATCHIN' TH' FUN HOUSE
DOOR, 'N HE'S READIN' A PAPER!
YOU WAIT HERE FER
ME, SWIPES!!!

ENTRANCE
FUN HOUSE

FUN HOUSE

ENTRANCE

THAT GUY NEVER
EVEN SAW ME SNEAK
IN! NOW TO SEE
TH'-----

-FUN-
OW!!

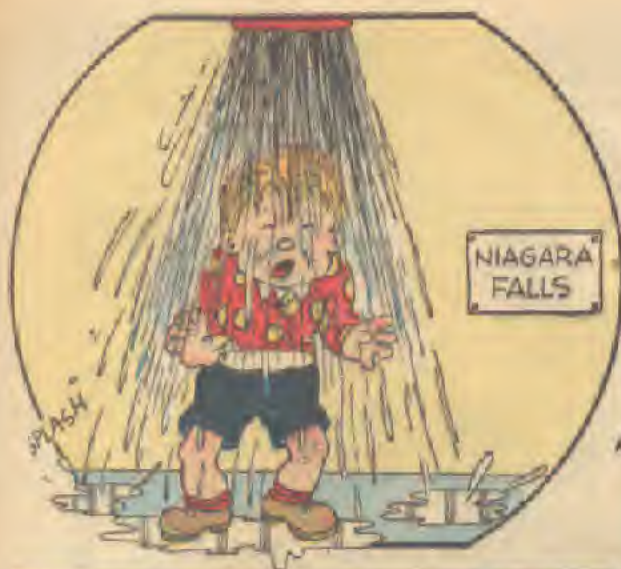
SNACK

?!?

GOOF

SLAP

HUMDINGER—THE LAST WORD IN
NEW COMIC ENJOYMENT



FOR THE NEWEST AND BEST COMIC
ENTERTAINMENT READ HUMDINGER



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Easier FOR YOU...

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the perfect job... 10c each



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Stripper without
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Orbital and heavy
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ficial steel blade.
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edges. With 4 re-
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ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE Dept. 9154-A
300 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Ill.

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MY FULL NAME (PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY)

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

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BOYS!
MEN!

PLASTIC COMPASS \$1.98

New UNBREAKABLE, Wrist Watch Type Liquid Compass With Luminous Dial

Here's the compass all America has been waiting for. It's similar in construction to the Liquid type Airplane and pocket compass used by the U. S. Air Corps. What a compass this is! It's shock-proof! Water-proof! Precision perfect! Made to give superior performance under any and all climatic conditions. Will not freeze at even 40° below zero. Works perfectly under a blazing sun. The ideal compass for everyone—Boy Scouts, hunters, fishermen, hikers, campers, motorists, and all sports lovers. This newest, wrist watch style, luminous, Plastic Compass, sealed air-tight in liquid, is ready to accurately direct your movements all hours of the day or night. Unfailing and unbreakable. Think of it! You can own this remarkable compass for the exceptionally low price of only \$1.98, complete with smartly styled wristband.

EXAMINE
FOR 10 DAYS
AT OUR RISK

Take this Plastic Compass with you when you go on hikes, on camping or fishing trips, on hunting or boating excursions, bicycling, or horseback riding. You'll find there's nothing as important and useful to you as a good compass when you need it. At this low price, every man and boy should have this remarkable Compass. SEND NO MONEY! Just rush your order on the coupon below. Upon arrival, pay postage only \$1.00 C. O. D., plus few cents postage charge on our no-risk money-back guarantee. If not thrilled and delighted with the way it looks and performs, return the compass within 10 days and we'll refund your money in full.



FOR BOY SCOUTS



FOR CAMPING



FOR HUNTING



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the Features
Which Make This
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Quickly Rush me the Wrist Watch Type PLASTIC COMPASS as described above on your no-risk 10 day Money Back Guarantee. I will pay postage only \$1.00 plus postage on arrival with the understanding that if I am not completely satisfied, I can return it within 10 days for full refund.

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MERILEE PEDDELS

HELPS BETTY
MAKE
NEW FRIENDS



EVER SINCE WE MOVED HERE YOU'VE BEEN MOPING AROUND THE HOUSE, BETTY - WHY DON'T YOU PLAY OUTDOORS?

BUT, MOM, I DON'T KNOW ANYONE TO PLAY WITH IN THIS OL' TOWN!

HM-M! WELL I MUST GET DOWN TO THE OFFICE, MY DEARS



ARE YOU GOING TO ASK THAT NEW GIRL TO YOUR BIKE PARTY, MERILEE?

I'D LIKE TO, SALLY, BUT SHE DOESN'T HAVE A BIKE

OH-OH! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA



THAT EVENING

I WISH WE'D NEVER MOVED HERE

BETTY HAS BEEN INDOORS AGAIN ALL DAY, GEORGE - WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO WITH HER?

I THINK I'VE GOT THE ANSWER DEAR - OH, BETTY, COME OUT IN THE YARD A MINUTE



IT'S ALL YOURS, HONEY - HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?

OH DADDY, DADDY! A BIKE - A BIKE! WHEW! WHAT A BEAUTY!

LOOK! MERILEE, HE GAVE HER A STREAMLINED SCHWINN BIKE!



GEE! THANKS DADDY - I'LL BET IT WON'T TAKE ME LONG TO LEARN TO RIDE THIS BIKE!

OH, WELL, SHOW YOU! WON'T WE, MERILEE?

YOU BET! IT'S EASY - AN' I WISH YOU'D COME TO MY BIKE PARTY SATURDAY



LATER

I KNOW LOTS OF KIDS NOW - GEE! I'M GLAD WE MOVED HERE, BUT I'M GLADDER FOR MY SCHWINN BIKE!

HEY! KIDS -

GET THIS BIG, EXCITING
MOVIE STAR-BICYCLE FOLDER

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